

A LOYAL VOTE FOR THE HAPPY BIRTH AND

Prosperity of the Expected Royal Issue.

*Jam Nova Progenies Caelo demittitur alto,
Chara Deum Soboles, &c. — Virgil Eclog. IV.*

BRING Flowers, ye *Muses*, and ye *Graces* too,
Fresh as your Beauties, sweet as Nectar-Dew,
T' adorn the Royal Bed, whence shortly springs
The Destin'd Father of Ten Thousand Kings.

'Tis so! The *STUARTS* High *Genius*, that ne're fail'd
For seven long Ages yet, has now prevail'd:
And in the *Adamantine* Books of Fate,
Another numerous *Chain of MALES* is set.

A God-like Soul long-since from Heaven did come
T' inform the Burthen of the Growing Womb:
The Tender Limbs *Beauties* and *Graces* Mould,
And Life's dear Knot an Angel's Hand doth hold.

Post on, swift *Time*, Post on thy Golden Hours
To Bless the World with this *Dear Joy* of Ours;
And Thou, for whose kind Birth three Kingdoms pray,
Make Haste, sweet *PRINCE*, and don't our Hopes delay.

As all the World did heretofore Depend
On that Great Lord, whom Heaven had sworn to send:
Him Pious *Prophets* gladly did Foretell;
With his high Praise the *Sibylls* Leaves did swell;
The *Saints* for his Approach expecting stood,
And Courted God for th' *Universal Good*:
So for thy Birth (blest Infant) we do long;
And Three great Nations to their Temples throng,
Already made *Thy Votaries*! — The Year
Puts on fresh Garments and doth *Young* appear
At thine Approach. The teeming *Earth*, it seems,
Prepares young Flowers to Welcom her Young *JAMES*,
The *Seas*, which once must crouch t' his Scepter'd Hand,
Now swell with *Joy*, and Dance about the *Land*:
Sirens and *Tritons* on the Surface leap,
And with their Songs charm the unweldy Deep.

But Heaven a wondrous *Star* intends to Frame
T' attend the *Babe*, and signifie his Fame,
Greater than that, which o'r his Uncle shin'd,
When *Him* a *Blessing* Fate for Us Design'd.

Lucina by the Royal Bed doth stand
Prepar'd to lend her kind, assisting Hand
At the bright Hour: When th' *Planets* shall dispence
Their fullest and most Gracious Influence
On his Auspicious *Horoscope*. And see!
How Sacred *Majesty* on bended Knee
Waits by to Kiss Great *WALES'*, *PRINCELY* Pride,
With *Fame*, and *Wealth*, and *Honour* by her Side.

Prophetick smiles dance on his *FATHERS* brow,
To whom his Realms with *Thankful Hearts* do bow
For all the Mighty, Gracious Acts He's done,
And after all, for giving *such a Son*.

O, might I purchase of the Gods this Grace,
To have my Vital Line drawn out the space,
Which to his *Manhood* Heaven has now design'd;
When the Adoring World *this Prince* shall find
Mature, and filling his Great *FATHERS* Throne,
Crown'd with his *FATHERS* Virtues and his *Own*!
That I my Fame might on his Glorys raise,
And purchase Heaven by sounding forth his Praise!
Not the *Mæonian* Bard, nor *Mantuan* Swan
Should me surpass! For sure this God-like Man
With finewy Verse my weaker Muse would fill;
And his great Acts invigorate my Quill.

Make Haste, Dear *Prince*, and don't our Hopes delay!
For thy blest Birth Three spacious Kingdoms Pray.

F I N I S.